

AUG. 1943



# CRACK COMICS

10¢

AUGUST  
No. 30



**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH**  
INTRODUCES HIS NEW ASSISTANT  
**BIFF**

ALEX KOTZKY





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



## GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

ON THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,  
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!  
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,  
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAMM)

SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA—  
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."  
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,  
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES—INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,  
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE."  
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN—RESOLVE RIGHT NOW—NO DISTANT, FAR TOMORROW—  
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW."



SMASH COMICS...HIT COMICS...CRACK COMICS

**HEY, READERS!!**

THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

**ACTION ADVENTURE**  
OR **HUMOR**

IN THE

# QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S GREATEST  
COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY  UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY[illegible]

# CAPTAIN TRIUMPH

THIS IS A LETTER  
FROM LANCE GALLANT  
TO KIM MERIDETH...  
RELATING THE  
ADVENTURE OF  
CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH  
AND THE MEN  
WHO KNEW  
TOO MUCH!

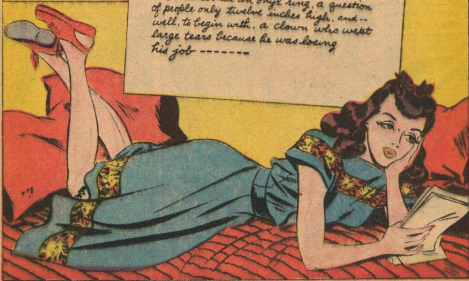
WINTER WONDERLAND  
ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND  
*California's Leading Mountain Resort*

Dear Kim:

You're the only person who knows my strange secret - that when the spirit of my dead twin brother, Michael, combines with my physical body, we form the mighty Captain Triumph!

As you know, I came out here for a rest and I hadn't been here a day before I became involved in the strangest experience ever.

It concerned an onyx ring, a question of people only twelve inches high, and -- well, to begin with, a clown who wept large tears because he was losing his job -----





HEY WHAT'S THIS, BIFF? TEARS AREN'T FOR CLOWNS - YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO MAKE PEOPLE LAUGH!

LO, MR GALLANT! YEAH LAUGH! - IT AIN'T FUNNY - UNLESS I HAVE A NEW ACT T' PUT ON T'NIGHT, I'M FIRED!



HMM... PERHAPS CAPTAIN TRIUMPH CAN HELP HIM OUT!

LET'S SEE - MAYBE WE CAN DRUM SOMETHING UP!

IT'S NO USE! I GO ON IN EXACTLY FIVE MINUTES - WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO REHEARSE ANYTHING!



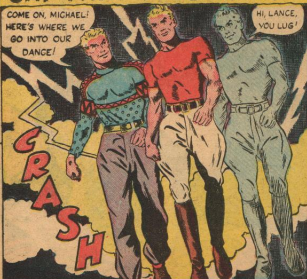
...GO ON STAGE NOW - HAVE YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT?

YEAH... BUT BY MY AUNT MATILDA'S HENNA HAIR, I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S GONNA WORK! IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"... Going behind a curtain, I rubbed my magic birthmark, and Michael's spirit combined with my body to form ...  
**CAPTAIN TRIUMPH!**"



COME ON, MICHAEL! HERE'S WHERE WE GO INTO OUR DANCE!

HI, LANCE, YOU LUG!

"...while on the stage..."

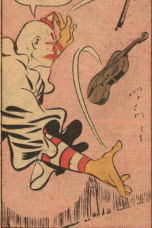
LADIES AN' GEN'LEMEN! WATCH CLOSELY! USING MY POWERS OF MAGIC, I'M GONNA THROW THIS VIOLIN IN THE AIR AN' MAKE IT STAY SUSPENDED THERE! THEN, I'M GONNA PLAY IT!





"...Meanwhile, TRIUMPH had become invisible, and as Biff threw the violin in the air, TRIUMPH caught it..."

GOLLY! THAT GUY LANCE GALLANT IS A GENIUS - OR A GHOST!



BY MY AUNT BETSY'S BUNIONS, IT'S WORKING!



GOLLY! I'VE GOT THE GHOST OF NERO FIDDLEING IN MY ACT-AND IS THE MANAGER BURNING!



"...Biff's act went over big! Later, when I had become Lance again, Biff said..."

HOLY GOLLY, MR. GALLANT! YOU WERE WONDERFUL! FOR HELPING ME OUT, I'M GONNA TEACH YOU HOW TO SKI...

...RIGHT NOW!

BIFF! WAIT-

I USED TO BE CHAMPION SKIER IN HIBERNIA COUNTY! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME RIGHT SMART TRICKS!

-BUT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU, BIFF...

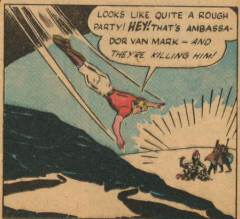
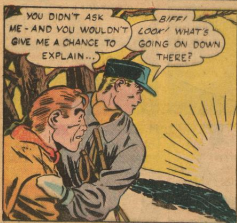


THINK NOTHING OF IT! ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER! WATCH ME AN DO JUST LIKE I DO!

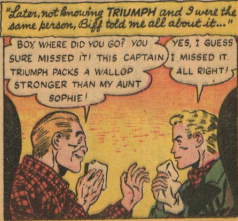
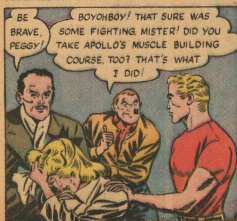
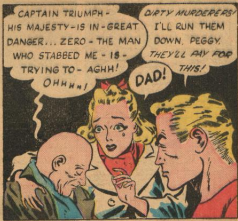
OKAY BIFF! GO AHEAD! I'M WATCHING!





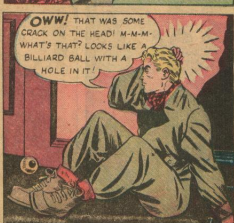
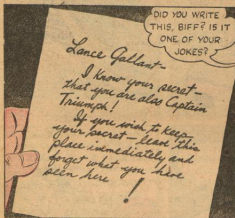












"In my room I studied the metal ball and the ring... Michael's spirit appeared!"

WHERE COULD A SECRET BE HIDDEN ON A RING? I CAN'T SEE A THING!

LANCE, YOU LUG!

MICHAEL!

LOOK AT THE TOP OF THE RING THROUGH A MICROSCOPE - MAYBE YOU'LL LEARN THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF HIS MAJESTY!

BIFF! BIFF! LISTEN! DIG ME UP A MICROSCOPE - I DON'T CARE WHERE - OR HOW - BUT GET ME ONE!

HERE IT IS, LANCE! I HAD TO BRIBE ONE OF TH' GUESTS FOR IT! GONNA COST YOU A BOX O' CIGARS!

OKAY, OKAY! LET ME HAVE IT!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, LANCE?

AH! HERE IT IS!

HIS MAJESTY IS AT THE OLD COOPER BARN IN THE REAR OF WINTER WONDERLAND. LONG LIVE HIS MAJESTY!

WHAT'S UP, LANCE? YOU - HEY! SOMEBODY JUST STUCK A LETTER UNDER YOUR DOOR!

GET IT, BIFF! QUICK!



*Lance Gallant—  
You didn't leave  
Winter Wonderland  
as I directed. Call  
this telephone number  
—Exchange 807—  
for further instruc-  
tions—or suffer  
the consequences  
!*

WH-WOW!  
PEANUT!—  
AND ONLY A  
FOOT HIGH!  
WHAT TH-?

PLEASE! THEY'VE  
KIDNAPPED ME—  
AND UNLESS YOU DO  
AS THE NOTE SAYS,  
THEY'LL KILL ME!  
PLEASE DO IT!



BY MY  
AUNT ANNIE'S  
ANTIMACASSAR!  
SHE DISAPPEARED!

-BIFF- THERE'S  
WORK TO BE  
DONE - BUT  
FAST! WHERE  
IN THE RESORT  
WOULD THE PHONE  
NUMBER EXCHANGE  
807 BE LOCATED  
?

**SHE'S  
GONE!**



THERE IT IS  
LANCE - IT'S  
TH' THIRD  
BOOTH IN TH'  
HOTEL LOBBY!

AND THAT  
OVER-DRESSED  
CHECKERBOARD  
IS ONE OF  
THE THUGS WHO  
ATTACKED VAN  
MARK! HMM!



HE'S NEVER SEEN ME - I'LL  
GO INTO THE SECOND BOOTH.  
CALL EXCHANGE 807-AND SEE  
IF HE ANSWERS THE  
CALL...



EXCUSE  
ME.  
PLEASE!

"...and sure enough, Kim, the  
pug in the purple plaid went to  
answer the ringing phone!"

THIS IS  
LANCE  
GALLANT!

LISTEN, GALLANT, IF  
YOU WANT TO SEE THE  
VAN MARK DAME ALIVE  
AGAIN, COME TO THE  
COOPER BARN RIGHT  
AWAY!



"...and after he hung up the pug made another call..."

WHY! I  
THOUGHT  
SO A  
TRAP!

LO' ZERO? -HE  
FELL F TH' LINE  
TH' POOR FISH!  
YEAH! HE'LL BE  
THERE!

COME ON, BIFF!  
THERE'S TROUBLE  
AT THE COOPER  
BARN! LET'S GO!

WAIT!  
THAT'S A  
HALF-MILE!  
WE BETTER  
GET OUR  
SKIS!

NO TIME  
FOR SKIS!  
WE'LL FLY!  
WATCH!

ALL I DO IS  
RUB THIS BIRTH-  
MARK ON MY  
LEFT WRIST

"Kim, the look on Biff's face as I rubbed my birth-mark and he saw me become CAPTAIN TRIUMPH was really something to see!"

ULP!!

BY MY AUNT SOPHIE'S  
SPECTACLES I'M SEEIN  
THINGS! YOU'RE ONE  
AN' TH' SAME GUY!

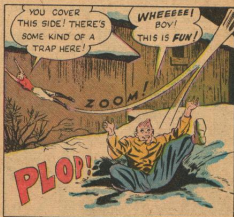
COME ON,  
BIFF! WE  
CAN'T WASTE  
TIME!

CRASH

YOW! WE'RE  
FLYING! MY AUNT  
REGINA'S ROCKING  
CHAIR OUGHTA  
SEE ME NOW!

YES, BIFF!  
AND WE'RE  
HEADING  
SMACK FOR  
TROUBLE!





"But as I stepped forward, I suddenly heard a voice behind me!..."

GO AHEAD, PINCH!  
PUSH HER OUT THE  
WINDOW! I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF TRIUMPH!

WHAT-?   
SOMEBODY  
ELSE-?



BIFF! YOU'RE JUST  
IN TIME! TAKE CARE OF  
THIS FANCY-PANTS! I'M  
GOING AFTER ZERO!

IT'S A  
PLEASURE!



OH, BIFF! HE WENT SMASHING  
THROUGH THE SIDE OF THIS OLD  
BARN! HE WAS KILLED ON  
THOSE ROCKS, JUST LIKE  
HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME!

THEN I  
SAYS "AMEN"  
T' THAT!



THAT VOICE!  
BUT THERE'S NO ONE  
HERE! I GET IT! ZERO'S  
A VENTRILOQUIST! THAT  
EXPLAINS A LOT OF  
THINGS!

TRIUMPH!  
GET ZERO!  
HE'S AFTER  
HIS MAJESTY!



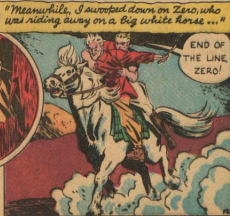
TRIUMPH SAYS  
TAKE CARE OF YOU  
-AN' I ALWAYS  
FOLLOWS ORDERS!

**CRASH!**  
**WHAM!**  
**BAM!**

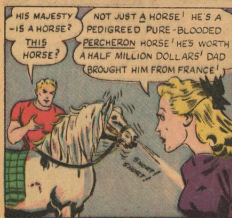
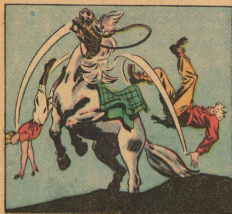


"Meanwhile, I swooped down on Zero, who was riding away on a big white horse..."

END OF  
THE LINE,  
ZERO!







SO THAT'S WHY THEY ATTACKED YOUR FATHER-TO FIND WHERE HE WAS KEEPING IT!

BEFORE THE WAR, AMERICA IMPORTED PERCHERON HORSES FROM EUROPE! NOW IT WILL BE OUR JOB TO KEEP THE BREED ALIVE-SO WE CAN EXPORT THEM TO EUROPE AFTER THE WAR!



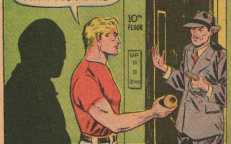
WHEN THEY KIDNAPPED ME, I HEARD ZERO AND PINCH TALKING- THAT'S WHEN I LEARNED HIS MAJESTY IS A HORSE!

GO GET SOME SLEEP, PEANUT! THE AUTHORITIES WILL LOOK AFTER HIS MAJESTY FOR YOU- I HAVE A LITTLE MATTER TO TAKE CARE OF!



PETERS, I OWE YOU SOMETHING FOR THE SOCK ON THE HEAD YOU GAVE ME EARLIER THIS EVENING! THIS KNOB IS FROM YOUR CANE!

YOU'RE CRAZY!



YOU WERE ZERO'S CONTACT MAN! AND YOU THREATENED TO EXPOSE CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S SECRET!

I'LL GET A COP!



YOU WERE THE ONLY PERSON WHO COULD HAVE KNOWN THAT PEGGY'S FATHER CALLED HER "PEANUT"! AND WHEN THE AMBASSADOR'S FIGURE CAME TO THE WINDOW- EVEN THOUGH HE WAS DEAD- HE CALLED PEGGY "PEANUT"!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

**LOOK OUT!**

DON'T OPEN THAT GATE!





THE ELEVATOR  
WENT UP AND  
HE MISSED IT!  
WE WON'T NEED  
THE POLICE.  
BIFF!

HE WON'T EVEN  
NEED A DOCTOR!  
THIS IS A JOB  
FOR TH' CORNER!  
TEN STORIES!  
WHEWW!



... THAT SOLVES EVERYTHING  
BUT THE FIGURE OF PEANUT  
I SAW ON YOUR WINDOW-SILL!

COME WITH ME,  
TO THE ROOF OF  
THE HOTEL!



I FIGURED WE'D FIND THESE  
HERE! THEY'RE MARIONETTES  
WHICH ZERO DANGLED TO THE  
WINDOW! HE WAS A VENTRILOQUIST  
AND COULD MAKE THEM SPEAK! HE  
DID IT TO FRIGHTEN PEANUT  
AND ME!

HE WAS  
CLEVER - BUT  
NOT CLEVER  
ENOUGH FOR  
YOU, TRIUMPH!



WITH ZERO, PINCH AND ERIC  
DEAD, ONLY YOU AND KIM KNOW  
CAPTAIN TRIUMPH'S SECRET! IT  
MUST BE KEPT SECRET! HOW  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK  
WITH ME, BIFF?

WORK  
WITH YOU?  
BY MY AUNT  
PENELOPE'S  
PRIZE FIGS,  
YOU'VE GOT AN  
ASSISTANT!

"...and so, Kim, I have a new assistant, and I'm bringing  
him home with me! See you soon! As ever, Lance."



LANCE! I JUST  
FINISHED READING  
YOUR LETTER!

HI! WE CAME HOME  
EARLIER THAN WE EXPECTED!  
THIS IS KIM, BIFF!

BOYOHBOYOHBOY!  
AN' I ALWAYS  
LIKED LANA  
TURNER!

THINGS HAPPEN FAST  
FUNNY AND FURIOUS -  
IN ANOTHER  
EXCITING STORY OF  
CAPTAIN  
TRIUMPH,  
IN THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF  
CRACK  
COMICS.



# SLEEPY HAPPY PAPPY



MUCH, MUCH LATER!..

HEY, PAPPY!  
WAKE UP!

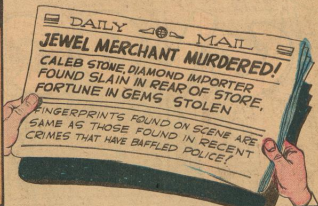


# The CLOCK

by  
GEORGE  
E.  
BRENNER



TICK.... TOCK.... TICK.... THE MOMENTS FLY....  
HIS FIRST STEP TOWARD CRIME WAS HIS FIRST STEP TOWARD JUDGEMENT  
FOR, STEADY AS TRUTH, RELENTLESS AS JUSTICE, AS SURE AS  
FATE.... **THE CLOCK STRIKES FOR LAW AND ORDER!**  
ANOTHER MIGHTY MOMENT IN THE CAREER OF THE CARELESS-SEEMING  
SOCIALITE, WHO, AIDED BY DYNAMIC LITTLE BUTCH, BECOMES  
FROM TIME TO TIME THAT DEATH-KNELL OF CRIME.... **THE CLOCK!**







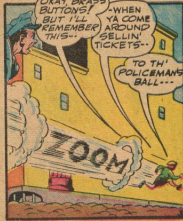
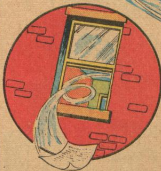
AND A HALF HOUR LATER, THE KILLER HAS MADE A CLEAN BREAST OF HIS CRIMES---



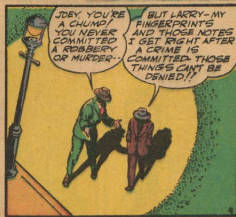
AS THEY OPEN THE DOOR LEADING TO THE DETENTION CELLS A DRAFT IS FORMED--

BLOWING THE CONFESSION OUT OF THE WINDOW---

AND AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT INTO THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK'S AIDE, BUTCH--



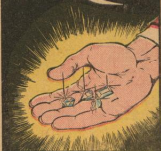
AT  
THIS  
MOMENT,  
A  
MAN  
ENTERS  
THE  
STATION  
HOUSE  
IN  
GREAT  
HASTE...



AND HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR MY HAVING LARGE SUMS OF MONEY, THE MORNING FOLLOWING THESE ROBBERIES-- AND THESE ----



I FOUND THEM IN MY POCKET, THIS MORNING-- PART OF THE GEMS STOLEN FROM THAT MURDERED JEWEL MERCHANT--



LARRY, I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT-- BUT I'M GUILTY!



MEANWHILE, BUTCH HAS GIVEN THE SIGNED CONFESSION TO THE CLOCK----

LET'S LOOK INTO THIS, BUTCH-- MAYBE WE CAN RECOVER MOST OF THE LOOT BEFORE IT'S DISPOSED OF!

OKAY-- LET'S GO!



WHAT'S JOE MILES' ADDRESS, ITS ON THE CONFESSION!

YEAH, 430 CATON ROAD, WE'RE COMIN' TO IT NOW--



THE PLACE IS EMPTY-- GOOD! IT'LL GIVE US TIME TO LOOK AROUND--

YEAH, I'LL LOOK UP-- STAIRS--



SO FAR, I KNOW TWO MEN OCCUPY THESE ROOMS--



A few minutes later--- inside the house---







Joe Miles  
I'm a witness  
to the jewel robbery  
and murder you  
committed last night.  
Keep mum and you're  
safe--- don't go to  
the police.  
?



AT THIS MOMENT, LARRY AND  
JOEY ARRIVE---





CAN'T HAVE ANY GUN PLAY, BUTCH MIGHT GET HIT- AH! I'VE GOT AN IDEA...

SEE ANYONE, BOSS?



YES- SEE THAT RUG THAT GOES UNDER THE DOOR...



HE'S STANDING ON IT- A QUICK JERK, AND HE GOES...



BLOP



I KNOCKED HIM OFF HIS GUARD AND IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO PUT THE PUNCH ON HIM...

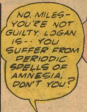
YA MEAN IT KNOCKED HIM ON TH' BACK OF HIS LAP- PUCK HIM IN TH' PUSS!!



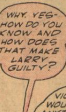
ER-AH--WHAT GOES ON HERE? OH! THE CLOCK!



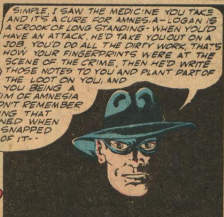
I KNEW THE LAW WOULD CATCH UP TO ME SOME TIME, I'LL GO QUIETLY-- I'M GUILTY--



NO, MILES- YOU'RE NOT GUILTY. LOGAN IS-- YOU SUFFER FROM PERIODIC SPELLS OF AMNESIA, DON'T YOU?



WHY, YES- HOW DO YOU KNOW AND HOW DOES THAT MAKE LARRY GUILTY?

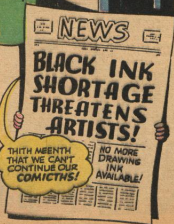


SIMPLE, I SAW THE MEDICINE YOU TAKE AND IT'S A CURE FOR AMNESIA- LOGAN IS A CROOK OF LONG STANDING- WHEN YOU'D HAVE AN ATTACK, HE'D TAKE YOU OUT ON A JOB, YOU'D DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK, THAT'S HOW YOUR FINGERPRINTS WERE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, THEN HE'D WRITE THOSE NOTES TO YOU AND PLANT PART OF THE LOOT ON YOU, AND YOU BEING A VICTIM OF AMNESIA WOULDN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU SNAPPED OUT OF IT--

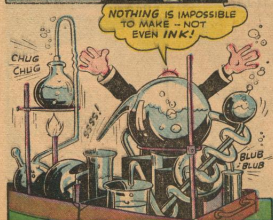
# INKIE



**A**T THE ART STUDIO OF CRACK COMICS MAGAZINE...







FIRST, I TAKE A  
SLANTISLIME WITH  
A FORTASOFT AND  
MIX WITH TWO  
SONOSONES OF  
TONOTINE---

THEN--ADDING A PINCH  
OF SALTISAMS ... THE SOLUTION  
SETTLES INTO A COMASORIUM  
SOOTHASAMOUS ---

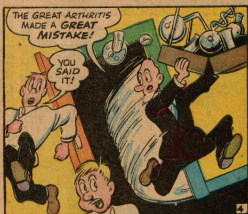
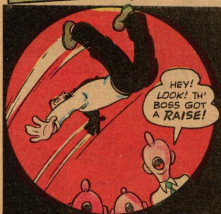
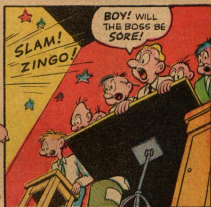
...HA! SUCCESS!!  
FOUR CRAMS OF  
INK ASOMIS!

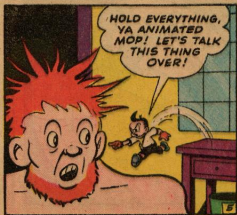
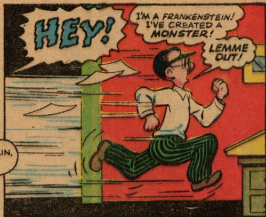
INK! --OKAY!  
LET'S GET TO WORK!  
GOTTA GET MY  
WORK DONE--  
Y'KNOW!

HERE, AL!  
DRAW THAT  
WILD MAN  
VILLAIN  
WITH THIS  
INK!

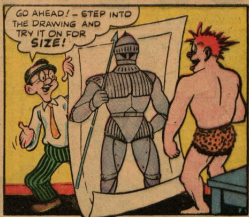
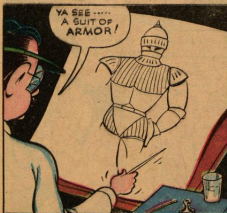
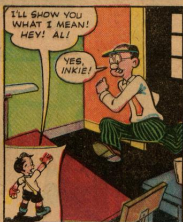
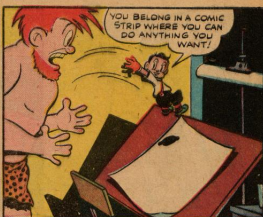
YES,  
BOSS

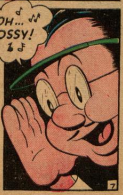
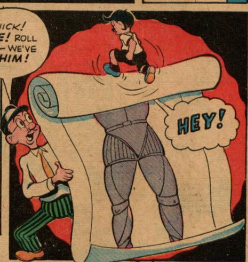
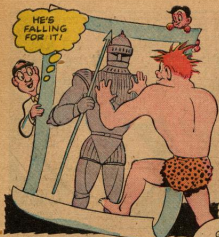
HUH! HE  
DIDN'T EVEN  
GIVE TH' INK  
TIME TO COOL  
OFF!



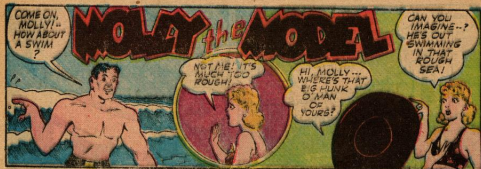














PHEN! AM I  
TIRED -- AND  
NOW I  
GOTTA DO  
HOUSE-  
WORK!

# Molly the Model

YOU'VE BEEN WORKING  
TOO HARD, MOLLY --  
BUT I'M GONNA  
CHANGE ALL  
THAT!

I'M TURNING  
OVER A NEW  
LEAF!

AT THE CRACK  
OF DAWN, I'LL  
VISIT THE  
EMPLOYMENT  
BUREAU!

IT'S SET FOR SEVEN A.M.!  
STARTING TOMORROW  
I'M TAKING CARE OF  
YOU FOR A CHANGE!

ARE YOU SURE YOU  
FEEL ALL RIGHT? YOU  
WEREN'T OUT  
IN THE SUN  
TOO LONG?

CAME  
THE  
DAWN...

A NEW DAY DAWNS  
--AND A NEW  
LIFE FOR ME!

MY GOSH! HE  
REALLY MEANS  
IT!

EMPLOYMENT  
BUREAU

I'VE BEEN A  
SELFISH  
BRUTE NOT  
TO DO THIS  
YEARS AGO!

LATER...


COME ON DOWN,  
MOLLY -- YOUR  
TROUBLES ARE  
OVER!

MEET FIFI! WHILE  
YOU'RE AT WORK, SHE'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THE  
HOUSE AND (AHEH)  
-- ME!

OH, SHE WILL  
WILL SHE?!

OWW!  
OUCH!  
MOLLY!  
STOP!  
CRASH!

WHAT A  
HOUSEHOLD!



YUH KNOW, HACK--  
I GOT A FEELING  
WE AREN'T  
ALONE!

FUNNY --  
I'VE GOT THE  
SAME FEELING!  
I WONDER...

**A** MAN IS MURDERED  
BEHIND LOCKED DOORS!  
WHERE DID THE KILLER  
ENTER? HOW DID HE  
ESCAPE?

AN IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION  
FOR ANY HUMAN BEING--  
AND YET THE ONLY CLUE  
POINTS TO HACK O'HARA!  
READ HOW HE ABSOLVES  
HIMSELF FROM GUILT AND  
CAPTURES THE KILLER!...

**HACK!**  
**O'HARA**



HACK O'HARA PULLS  
TO A STOP OUTSIDE  
A CIRCUS ...

NO KIDDIN',  
MISTER--DO  
YOU REALLY  
MANAGE THIS  
CIRCUS?

I SAID I  
DID--  
DIDN'T  
I?



GEE! I'D LIKE TO SEE A  
CIRCUS AGAIN! YOU  
COULDN'T GIVE A  
FELLOW A PASS,  
EH, MISTER?

HUH?



BEAT IT, CHUMP!  
THERE'S NO FREE  
TICKETS AROUND HERE!



ONE TOUGH GUY CAN'T  
HURT MY FEELINGS!  
-- I HAVEN'T SEEN A  
CIRCUS SINCE I WAS  
A KID!



WHAT'S THE MATTER  
PAL? HAVEN'T YOU  
THE DOUGH  
??



WELL?

NAW!



YOUR EDUCATION'S BEEN  
NEGLECTED, SONNY!  
**C'MON!!**

GEE! THIS IS  
SWELL! I'VE  
NEVER SEEN  
A CIRCUS--  
INSIDE!

ANIMALS



HACK! WOW!  
LOOK AT THAT  
GUY EAT FIRE!

YEH!  
HE CAN  
HAVE HIS  
JOB! I'LL  
STICK TO  
DRIVIN' A  
CAB!



HEY, SOUNDS  
LIKE A GOOD  
FIGHT!

I'LL  
TEACH YOU  
NOT TO  
TALK BACK  
BACK--YUH  
LITTLE  
RUNT!



YOU'LL TAKE WHAT YOU  
GET AND LIKE IT! YOU  
WHIMPERING MONKEY!

I WANT  
WHAT'S COMING  
TO ME! GIVE ME  
THE REST OF MY  
MONEY OR  
I'LL -----





YOU CAN'T CHEAT ME! LUNGA AND I- WE'LL GET EVEN... WE'LL GET EVEN!



BOY!-I'D HATE TO BE IN THE CAGE WITH THAT GUY!

HE'D PROBABLY TEAR ANYBODY ELSE TO PIECES!



HACK TURNS TO GO...

HEY! MY CAP! GIVE IT BACK HERE!



TOO LATE NOW! YOU'LL NEVER GET YOUR CAP BACK! YOU WERE STANDING TOO CLOSE, ANYHOW!



JUST MY TOUGH LUCK, I GUESS! THE GORILLA'S MAKING A MONKEY OUTA ME -- WE'LL COME ON, KID! LET'S SEE THE SHOW!

LATER...

GEE! THAT WAS GREAT, MR. O'HARA! HEY! LOOK! THE MENAGERIE TENTS GONE!

SURE -- THEY ALWAYS BREAK IT UP DURING THE SHOW!



MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...

ARE YOU THE MANAGER OF THE HOTEL? WE CAME AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

YES! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG IN ROOM 2304 - THE DOOR'S LOCKED ON THE INSIDE! WE WANTED YOU HERE WHEN WE BREAK IN THE DOOR!

WE HEARD A SCREAM FROM THIS ROOM-AND THERE HASN'T BEEN A SOUND SINCE!

WELL, WE'LL SEE! BREAK IT DOWN!



RIGHT!

2304



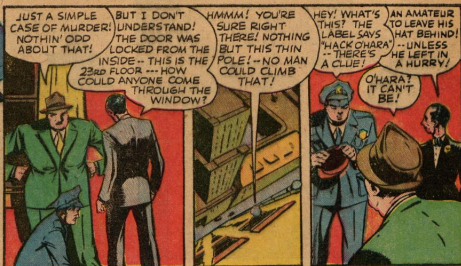
HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

NECK'S BROKEN!

HMMM... THAT'S ODD!







JUST A SIMPLE CASE OF MURDER! NOTHIN' ODD ABOUT THAT!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND! THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE-- THIS IS THE 23<sup>RD</sup> FLOOR --- HOW COULD ANYONE COME THROUGH THE WINDOW?

HMMM! YOU'RE SURE RIGHT THERE! NOTHING BUT THIS THIN POLE! --NO MAN COULD CLIMB THAT!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? THE LABEL SAYS "HACK O'HARA" -- THERE'S A CLUE!

AN AMATEUR TO LEAVE HIS HAT BEHIND! --UNLESS HE LEFT IN A HURRY!

O'HARA! IT CAN'T BE!

**A**ND BACK AT THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...



THANKS A LOT FOR THE SWELL CIRCUS!

THAT'S OKAY! SEE YOU LATER! HELLO, MIKE-- WHAT'S UP?

COME ALONG WITH US, HACK!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, O'HARA! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE IN A REAL JAM!

JAM? SAY--- ARE YOU KIDDING!



NO, HACK-- YOU'RE BEING HELD FOR MURDER!

**MURDER?!**



O'HARA, YOU'RE NOT VERY GOOD AT COVERIN' UP YOUR TRACKS! YOU LEFT YOUR HAT WHEN YOU MURDERED THIS GUY-- COME CLEAN! WE'VE GOT YOU!

SUFFERIN' CATS!-- THE MANAGER OF THE CIRCUS!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT. IT'D TAKE A MONKEY TO CLIMB THAT POLE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW---



MONKEY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!-- I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE --AN! I'VE GOTTA WORK FAST!



I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT! THE CLUE TO THIS WHOLE MESS LIES BACK IN THAT GORILLA CAGE...



HEY! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY! -- HE'S GUILTY, ALL RIGHT!

THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE!

IF I DON'T FIND THAT GORILLA MAN, I'M SUNK!

SORRY, FELLOW! I HATE TO DO THIS! -- I'M REALLY A TENDER GUY AT HEART!

C'MON OUTSIDE! I NEED THIS ELEVATOR!



THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE! WE MUST GET TO THE CIRCUS BEFORE IT PULLS OUT OF TOWN! JAKE -- TAKE ME TO THE CIRCUS GROUNDS AND MAKE IT SNAPPY, WILL YOU?

ANYTHING YOU SAY, HACK!



LISTEN, WISE GUY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE "FRAME"?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- "FRAME"?



YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! - THIS IS THE LAST PLACE I SAW MY CAP! -- HOW'D IT GET IN A ROOM WITH A MURDERED MAN?



I'VE GOT YOU - AND I'VE GOT PROOF! I HAD A KID WITH ME! HE KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED!

NOTHING HAPPENED THAT UNGA CAN'T TAKE CARE OF! OUT, UNGA!





UNGA LIKES TO  
PLAY WITH HIS  
FRIENDS!

WHEW! NOW  
I AM IN A  
MESS!

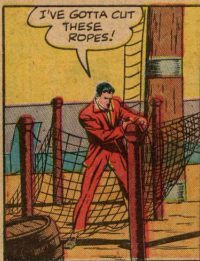


I MUST THINK  
FAST! BUT I'VE  
SOLVED ONE  
MYSTERY! LOOK  
AT THAT GUY  
CLIMB!

--THAT  
SAFETY  
NET--



NOW IF I CAN  
GET DOWN BEFORE  
THAT MAD  
GORILLA--



I'VE GOTTA CUT  
THESE  
ROPES!



UNGA--UNGA!!  
Y-YOU'VE  
KILLED  
HIM!

BOY! THAT  
WAS  
CLOSE!



YOU RAT! -I'VE  
GOT TWO OF YOU  
IN A TRAP! NOW  
YOU CAN BE MY  
ALIBI ---

YES! --I DID  
IT! I DID  
IT! --I'VE  
ALWAYS HATED  
HIM! --HE HAD  
IT COMING--BUT  
NOT UNGA --I  
LOVED  
UNGA!



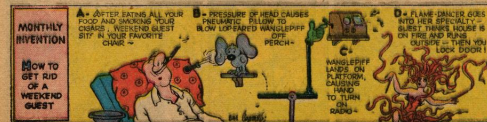
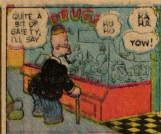
OKAY, HACK!  
WE'VE GOT  
YOU!

AND I  
HAVE YOUR  
MURDERERS--  
WRAPPED UP  
FOR  
DELIVERY!



NOW WAIT  
A  
MINUTE!--

THIS GUY SENT HIS  
PET GORILLA UP THE  
POLE TO KILL FOR HIM!  
THEY BOTH HATED THE  
MANAGER -- GIVE HIM A  
LITTLE PROPPING, BOYS!  
HELL GIVE YOU ALL THE  
DETAILS! I'D BETTER  
GET ALONG --OR I'LL  
HAVE A TICKET  
FOR PARKING!





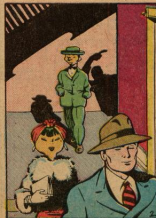


# PEN MILLER

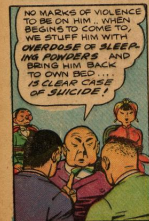
by Klaus

## CARTOONIST DETECTIVE

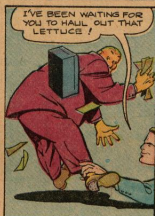












# THE MARCH OF THE WALKING DEAD

THEY simply vanished. They were there, and then like a flash they were gone. That column of marching zombies—if zombies they were—had disappeared into the misty twilight. Soundlessly. They had drifted from the caves, circled the stone altar and, with their white-robed leader ahead of them, vanished.

Eric Vale stood aghast, thinking "Am I going nuts? Is this some kind of a crazy dream?"

But then the whole thing seemed like a dream. There had been the wild story that the old Negro servant had told in Port-au-Prince. Eric wasn't one to fall for moon-racking, but this had seemed so on the level. This tale of voodoo had smacked of truth. And yet Eric felt there couldn't be any truth in such a story. . . .

He had set out, nevertheless, for the dark chain of mountains that rose thirty miles beyond the city limits of Port-au-Prince. By mule back. A long hard trek. He had wandered for three days when once he had reached the mountains, not finding the valley where, legend said, the strange race of walking dead existed. Often while on that trip he had stopped and caught himself wondering why he was such a fool to be taken in.

And then he found the valley, suddenly, in the sunset glow. And he had ridden down into it and found the caves and their mummy-like occupants. They were all dead. Or asleep. But if asleep, they looked like ancient parchment figures wrapped in grayish cloth. The cloth of their robes, he remembered, was not old. That's what had given him the start. If the cloth was not old, then it was conceivable that the mummies were not old either. . . .

And then the great bird had circled the stone altar, and suddenly dived down and perched

on it. It was a monstrous condor, Eric reasoned, the largest bird he had ever seen. It had taken off after a while. Then the mummies had come awake and filed out of their caves, to form in a long line behind their leader. And noiselessly they had marched off into the mist and vanished.

Where the dickens had they gone? What had really happened here in this mist-laden valley of mystery?

Eric stood undecided. He had left his mule tied a half mile off. He debated whether to go back after the mule or set off after the zombies on foot. He chose to walk. The way was rough and it was getting dark. There was no trail. The zombies seemed to leave no foot marks. Did they float then? Like wraiths?

A heavy mist was creeping down over the valley like a shroud, and the night was cold. Eric strode along, trying to decide what he'd do when, and if, he came upon the zombies. Would they turn on him? He smiled to himself: did the dead ever turn on one?

He had walked two miles at least, and the valley was dipping lower into the mountains. It was dark now, and the mists had become a thick fog which swirled down blotting out everything. He couldn't see two feet before him. He wondered if there might be a drop-off somewhere ahead?

Then he saw the glow. It was a soft greenish glow, like that given off by a vapor lamp. It was straight ahead. He hurried. Then he came to the mouth of a cave. The glow permeated the cave entrance, but he couldn't see its source. It was a weird light.

He walked through the cave and suddenly he was in a huge cavern, its ceiling so high that the greenish light didn't reach

to it. The light came from a strange bonfire in the middle of the cave. It seemed to be built upon a stone altar, such as he had seen before the mouths of the other caves. It was a lambent glow, like no real fire. It didn't waver, it was held in a small globular substance suspended over the altar by chains. What it was he had no idea.

But the cavern held other things: fully a hundred of those terrifying zombies stood in a circle around the altar, all looking as if they saw nothing, but with their dead eyes wide open. The old white-robed figure stood near the altar, making incantations with his bony hand toward the green glow.

Eric stood rooted to the spot, in the half-shadows. He doubted if they could see anything. They were dead, and yet they were alive.

Holy Smoke! he thought. What is this? Am I actually seeing something beyond the pale of modern science? Am I witnessing some infernal rite of the Haitian witch doctors?

The old man was speaking in a reedy, thin voice, but Eric couldn't make out the words. Probably spoken in the native dialect anyway.

The priest—if he could be called that—was waving his hands to and fro, and then suddenly, almost imperceptibly, the mob of mummies began waving from side to side, keeping time to the old man's hands. The voice rose higher. It was like some terrible song of the dead now. Wordless. Formless. Without reason. Or substance.

Several steps led upward toward the top of the altar. At intervals the old man would move up a step, and the mummies would stop their waving until he had planted his feet firmly on the step. Then it

would commence again. At last he was at the top. He reached toward the greenish globe and now his voice rose to a high crescendo.

This was some point in the ritual, Eric thought, that would produce a break. It did.

From the far end of the cavern there came a procession. It was led by a tall, cadaverous, Negro in a white robe. Directly behind him came several more, without robes. Their faces were painted hideously. They carried something between them. And then Eric saw what it was: a coffin! At least a rough replica of a coffin. Its lid was closed. The mummies opened up for them and the five Negroes came toward the altar. They set the casket down on a lower step and prostrated themselves. They murmured a weird chant.

The old priest came down and held his hands over the coffin. Then he reached down and lifted the lid. Inside there was a body, Eric could see. He began his incantations and hand-passing.

Then an amazing thing happened: the body in the coffin sat up. It was a young Negro girl, with long hair, unlike the natives' hair, which is mostly kinky. She sat up with her eyes closed, not moving a muscle.

The old priest picked the greenish globe from its hanger and held it in front of her eyes, muttering as he did so. Her eyelids flickered open and she lifted a hand to her forehead. She moved her lips, but no sound came. Then she held out both hands, caressing the globe of cold fire. The old man backed away from the coffin, still holding the globe. The girl followed, crawling carefully from the sarcophagus, her eyes never wavering from those of the priest.

When she had climbed clear of the coffin, the priest halted. The girl stood, waving from side to side, like the mummies. The priest dipped a hand into his robe and threw something on the altar. Instantly a bright red glow flamed up. This time

it was real fire. It stained the cavern in a blood-red glow, and the green globe, still held in the priest's hands, seemed to die out.

The red flames rose higher, until it seemed they licked against the ceiling of the cavern. Eric thought of Rubens' painting of the Miltonic chute down which lost souls slid to doom. Or Dante's *Inferno*. Only this was worse. They were paintings; this was real. Or was it?

The Negroes who had carried the casket to the altar produced small skin drums. These they began thrumming softly, so softly at first that Eric wasn't sure he had heard them. But the rhythms grew faster, louder. The flames seemed to leap with each soft drumbeat. The ring of mummies, including the girl, who had taken her place within the circle, stood utterly still.

Then Eric saw them, crawling out of the depths of the flames: a half dozen ugly snakes. Their wicked flat heads waved back and forth, keeping time to the drum-beats, which were gaining in tempo. They looked like the poisonous *fer-de-lance* of the island, but Eric couldn't be certain. Their red tongues darted in and out like miniature lightning. They gleamed with a reddish glow in the firelight.

The priest stood in his tracks, watching with fascinated gaze the reptiles crawling out of the altar middle. They slithered down the steps and coiled up near the ring of the several drum-beating Negroes. Their heads moved back and forth rhythmically.

The red flames suddenly died out. The priest lifted the palely gleaming globe from its bracket and set it near the snakes. They coiled around it, almost smothering out its glow.

The drums beat on, and the air seemed to pulsate with the vibrations. Eric felt himself falling into a strange trance. An uncanny warmth folded about him and he remembered once that he'd almost drowned. This sensation was the same. He remembered that he wanted to go

to sleep and just let the water pour into his lungs. It was a warming, pleasing sensation. This was the same.

He wanted to snuggle close to the green globe, with the reptiles. He felt his head vibrating with the throb of the drums, which were now going like mad.

The circle of mummies were waving back and forth again. The Negroes crouched on their haunches and beat the drums. The old priest stood on the lower step of the dais and a greenish light seemed to create an aura about him. It was mystical, awful, impossible.

Then abruptly Eric couldn't stifle a sneeze. The sound ripped through the cavern like a pistol shot. The mummies stopped their waving. The drum-beats ceased. The priest lifted his arms upward, and then the green globe burst with a dull report. From it swarmed a veritable cloud of green things. They flew in every direction. One of them came toward Eric. He backed away.

The mummies and the priest were filing toward the back of the cavern. Eric reasoned that he must follow them. He fumbled for his flashlight, for it was now pitch dark in the cave. He snapped on its beam. A dozen little red eyes were caught in the bright glare. The reptiles! They were spreading out, forming a barrier across the cavern.

No. Eric could not follow. The mummies were now all gone, somewhere, soundlessly. The Negroes were gone with them. The snakes were coming toward Eric. He dashed out of the cavern feeling an icy fear up his spine.

One of the green-lighted things had settled on his coat lapel. He snatched it off, finding that it was merely one of the large fireflies of the island.

He hastened toward where his mule was tied, wondering if he had dreamed. Certainly he had not solved the mystery of the walking dead people. Maybe someday—

# The BLACK CONDOR

IN WASHINGTON...

A RUSTLE OF WINGS IN THE  
NIGHT -- THE HISS OF A BLACK  
SHAPES PLUMMETING DOWN -- A  
SINGLE CRY TORN FROM A  
FEAR-FROZEN THROAT!  
THEN UTTER SILENCE  
AS, ONCE MORE,  
**DEATH**  
**STRUCK!**

**WHO** WAS THE  
KILLER? HAD AMERICA'S  
PIERCE EMBLEM OF  
FREEDOM GONE MURDER-  
MAD?


... TO LEARN THE GHASTLY  
TRUTH, SCHOLARLY SENATOR  
**TOM WRIGHT** ONCE MORE  
BECAME THAT MYSTERIOUS  
FIGURE OF FIGHTING JUSTICE ...  
**The BLACK CONDOR!**

NOT FAR FROM THE WHITE HOUSE, DAN BIRD,  
SENATOR FROM THE FAR WEST, GREET'S SOME  
REPORTERS WITH HIS SECRETARY AND HIS PET...

HOWDY, BOYS! COME  
RIGHT IN! MEET MY  
SECRETARY, DIRK,  
AND MY PET  
EAGLE,  
"FURY"!

HELLO, SENATOR  
BIRD! WHAT'S THE  
LOW-DOWN ON THIS  
NEW BILL YOU  
INTRODUCED  
IN THE SENATE  
TODAY?





SIMPLE, BOYS! I WANT THE GOVERNMENT TO BUY EAGLE MOUNTAIN AND CREATE A PARK AND GAME REFUGE FOR EAGLES. THEY NEED PROTECTION!

THAT BIRD DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE NEEDED A GUARDIAN!

"FURY'S" AS GENTLE AS A DOVE! -- SERIOUSLY, OUR NATIONAL BIRD IS GETTING SCARCE! AS PATRIOTS, WE SHOULD PRESERVE THE EAGLE!

I HEAR A SENATE COMMITTEE'S STUDYING YOUR MEASURE NOW!

AT THAT MOMENT, SENATOR TOM WRIGHT IS ADDRESSING THE COMMITTEE ON THAT VERY BILL! ...

WE ALL AGREE THAT SENATOR BIRD'S IDEA IS A PATRIOTIC AND HUMANB PROJECT...

HOWEVER, DUE TO MORE VITAL WAR-TIME NEEDS, WE SHOULD POSTPONE THIS MEASURE UNTIL AFTER ALLIED VICTORY!

THAT'S RIGHT! AMERICA'S WAR-EFFORT DEMANDS THE MONEY AND MAN-POWER!

TOM WRIGHT PAYS A VISIT TO HIS FIANCEE, WENDY FOSTER, AND HER FATHER, SENATE PHYSICIAN ...

SO BIRD DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY YOUR COMMITTEE GAVE HIS PROJECT THE BRUSH-OFF!

OH, YOU KNOW THOSE HOT-HEADED WESTERNERS! HE'LL COOL OFF!

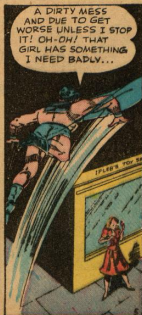
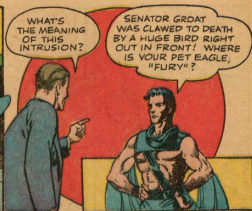
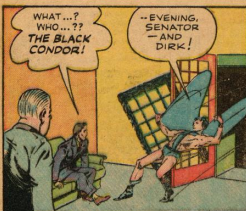
AT THAT MOMENT, ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE IS TAKING AN EVENING STROLL ...

HA! SENATOR 'GROAT! HE'LL BE PERFECT FOR THE FIRST VICTIM!

REPORTER  
COMMITTEE TABLE  
BIRD BILL FOR THE  
DURATION!  
Senator Seagulls Cop  
Says Fight Has Begun!











**AT THAT MOMENT... AN ANGRY GIRL APPEARS!**

NO SIGNS OF TOM  
HERE! BUT I'LL FIND  
HIM! THE IDEA OF RUNNING  
OUT ON OUR DATE JUST  
BECAUSE ANOTHER  
SENATOR DIED!



WHO DOES HE  
THINK HE IS --?  
THE BLACK  
CONDOR??



THAT GIRL!  
SHE MAY HAVE  
SEEN SOMETHING!  
CAN'T TAKE  
CHANCES NOW,  
WITH SUCCESS  
SO NEAR!



STRIKE, KILLER!  
STRIKE AGAIN!  
ANOTHER  
BIRD-MURDER  
WON'T DO ANY  
HARM,  
ANYHOW...



WHAT'S THAT  
NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE  
A BIG BIRD ---  
**EEEEEEK!**  
IT'S COMING  
RIGHT AT ME!--



LOOK OUT!...  
GOT YOU -- YOU  
FEATHERED  
KILLER!



--- WHAT ---???  
**THE BLACK  
CONDOR!!!**

THE BLACK CONDOR  
WASN'T DEAD! HE'S  
GOT MY FALCON!  
HE'LL GUESS  
EVERYTHING!  
... YOU?

DIRK!  
WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING,  
MAN?  
?

YOU FOOL! I  
WAS FRAMING  
THOSE BIRD-  
KILLINGS ON YOU!  
NOW THE BLACK  
CONDOR'S AFTER  
ME! STAND ASIDE  
OR I'LL ---

YOU--YOU  
KILLED  
SENATOR  
GROAT?

LET ME OUT, YOU  
IDIOT! - OR I'LL  
KILL YOU, TOO!

YOU DIRTY MURDERER!  
GO AHEAD AND SHOOT!  
BUT I'M NOT LETTING  
YOU ESCAPE PAYMENT  
FOR YOUR CRIMES!

THEN  
I'LL  
K...

YOU'RE THROUGH  
KILLING, DIRK ---  
AS OF THIS  
MOMENT!

MURDER IS BAD ENOUGH -  
BUT MAKING AN INNOCENT  
BIRD YOUR  
INSTRUMENT---

WHAT'S  
THIS ALL  
ABOUT?

YOUR SECRETARY HAD A HUNTING  
FALCON TRAINED TO STRIKE AT  
THE OUTLINE OF AN UPTURNED  
FACE! THE CLAWS ARE DIPPED  
IN POISON...

THE RAT!  
BUT WHY?

...TO PUT THE BLAME ON YOU AND YOUR PET EAGLE, "FURY"! TELL THE REST OF IT, DIRK!

I'LL TELL! IT WAS THAT EAGLE MOUNTAIN! -IT'S RICH IN MANGANESE ORE--WORTH A FORTUNE---

-- I COULDN'T GET IT AS LONG AS THE OWNERS THOUGHT THE GOVERNMENT MIGHT BUY LATER! I HAD TO DISCREDIT BIRD AND HIS BILL!...

BUT YOU-- WHY DIDN'T YOU DIE? MY KILLER STRUCK YOU IN THE FACE!

NOT MY FACE, DIRK! I PAINTED ONE ON THE INSIDE OF MY CLOAK WITH FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK! I SUSPECTED YOU AND YOUR GAME!

IF THE PUBLIC THOUGHT THE EAGLE WAS A KILLER, THE WHOLE IDEA OF A GAME PRESERVE FOR EAGLES WOULD BE OFF, EH?

I'VE CALLED THE POLICE, SENATOR! YOU CAN TELL THEM THE STORY AND HAND OVER THE KILLER! I'VE ANOTHER JOB TO DO ...

BLACK CONDOR, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

THAT ISN'T A BRACE ON HIS WRIST, SENATOR! IT'S AN ARM-GUARD OF THE KIND ALL FALCONERS WEAR SO THEY CAN CARRY FALCONS WITHOUT BEING CLAWED!

I'M SORRY ABOUT OUR DATE, WENDY! I GOT BACK AS SOON AS I COULD! IS IT TOO LATE TO SEE THE SHOW?

LATER  
HAMMMMPH!

BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG  
BONG

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

FOLLOW BLACK CONDOR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS.

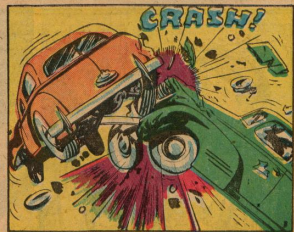
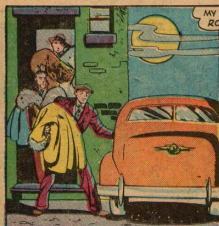


# ALIAS THE SPIDER

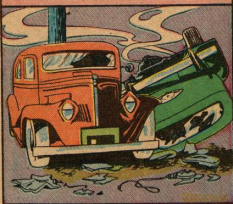
by  
JOSEPH JOHN  
CAVALLO



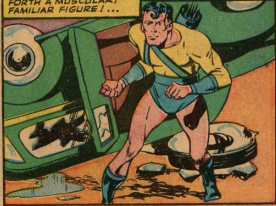




AND THEN -- EXCEPT FOR THE TINKLE  
OF FALLING GLASS -- SILENCE!



FROM THE MICKED CARS, MIRACULOUSLY ALIVE, THE  
SURVIVORS STRUGGLE! ... FROM THE CAB, STEPS  
FORTH A MUSCULAR,  
FAMILIAR FIGURE! ...



**ALIAS THE SPIDER!** POOR CHAP! --  
KILLED INSTANTLY!  
I THINK I'LL HAVE  
WORDS WITH THE  
DRIVER OF THAT  
CAR -- PLENTY  
STRONG WORDS!



LOOK HERE! YOU WENT  
THROUGH THAT RED LIGHT!  
MY DRIVER'S KILLED!  
GOOD HEAVENS!  
ROCKS DOLSON!

IT'S HIM! --  
THE SPIDER!  
BLAST HIM,  
BOYS!



SO THAT'S IT! THEY  
MUST'VE BEEN MAKING  
A GET-AWAY FROM SOME  
JOB! WELL, HERE'S  
WHERE THEY  
STOP!



BUT, AS THE SPIDER DRAWS  
HIS HEAVY BOW ...



DARK! -- IT'S  
GETTING DARK!  
EVERYTHING'S  
SPINNING!  
-- I'M WEAK!  
GASP! --  
AHHH --





LATER...IN  
THE CHEAP  
CAFE WHERE  
THEY MAKE  
THEIR  
HANG-OUT,  
ROCKS DOLSON  
AND HIS GANG  
TRY TO  
DROWN THE  
SORROWFUL  
MEMORY  
OF THEIR  
"HEIST-THAT-  
ALMOST-WAS,"  
AS ROCKS  
PUTS IT!...

YEAH, BOYS! I TOLD  
YA WE WASN'T OUTA THE  
WOODS! SUMP'N ALWAYS  
SEEMS TO HAPPEN!

HIYA, ROCKS! PLEASD TO MEETCHA!

GO AWAY, YOU! ...  
YEAH, FELLAS, IT ALMOST  
WAS A SWELL "HEIST!"  
BUT I GUESS  
WE'RE LUCKY  
TO GET  
AWAY  
FROM THE  
SPIDER,  
EH?

YA AINT  
KIDDIN',  
BOSS!

HIYA, ROCKS!  
PLEASD TO  
MEETCHA,  
I SAID...

SCRAM, PUNK! ...  
WHAT BURNS ME  
UP, FELLAS, IS THE  
WAY IT HAPPENS!  
SEE, IT WAS  
PURE CO...  
CO...IN.....

COINCERDENCE,  
BOSS! DAT'S  
HOW YOU  
SAY IT!

HIYA, HIYA ---  
HIYA, ROCKS!  
SHAKE!

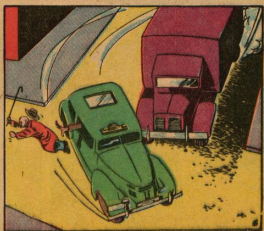
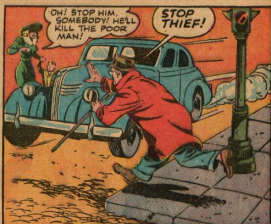
WHAT'S THIS PIPSQUEAK  
PUNK GIVIN' ME? -  
-THE NEEDLE?  
I'LL BRAIN  
HIM!

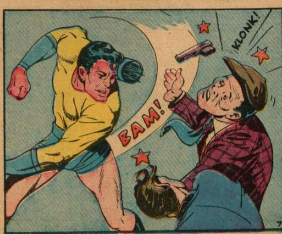
HA-HA!  
DAT'S FUNNY!  
DAT'S RICH!

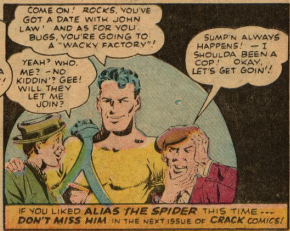
TAKE 'IM AWAY  
BEFORE I  
MOIDER  
'IM!

AW, I WANNA BE  
A MOBSTER, ROCKS!  
I WANNA PULL  
BIG JOBS!  
OBOY! OBOY!

G'WAN! SCRAM! WHY  
DONTCHA GRAB PENNIES  
FROM BLIND MEN'S  
CUPS? HEH-HEH!







IF YOU LIKED ALIAS THE SPIDER THIS TIME ---  
DON'T MISS HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CRACK COMICS!



# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT

**WHY  
TAKE CHANCES?**

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ *Tinea Trichophyton* within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

**ITCHING OFTEN  
RELIEVED  
QUICKLY**

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the infected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try, so if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

**H. F. SENT  
ON FREE TRIAL**

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money; don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



**PAY NOTHING  
TILL RELIEVED**

*Send Coupon*

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

**BEWARE OF IT SPREADING**

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

**GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.**  
865 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

QCC

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

# Captain Tootsie MONSTER MAN!

**DAILY PAPER**  
**MONSTER MAN TERRIFIES TOWN**  
CAPT. TOOTSIE AND SECRET LEGION SEARCH FOR ESCAPED GIANT

THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS, SO REMEMBER—IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST **TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!**

**YOU BET, CAP!**

**'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!'**

**HOOTIN' ZOOTs! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!**

**CAPT. TOOTSIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION FORM A SEARCHING PARTY.**

**HEY!**

**BANK**

**CRASH!**

**HO!**  
**ME BUST BANK!**  
**GET RICH!**

**TOOT-SEE!**

**HOLD HIM, ROLLO!**

**CAPTAIN TOOTSIE TO THE RESCUE!**

**ME SMASH LITTLE MAN!**

**WHEN! WHEN! MISSED ME!**

**THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO ROB BANKS!**

**BAM!**

**HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!**

**HOOTIN' ZOOTs! YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY, CAPT. TOOTSIE!**

**YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY TOO, ROLLO, IF YOU KEEP EATING TOOTSIE ROLLS!**

**WHAT FUN!**  
**GET THIS GENUINE FOX TAIL**  
**for only 10¢**  
IF YOU MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!  
For Playing Explorer!

**FOR YOUR BIKE!**  
To Hang in Your Room!  
For Playing Russian Soldier!

**NOTHING TO BUY! NO WRAPPERS TO SEND!**  
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you this genuine Fox Tail for only a dime. Imagine the fun you'll have with it! How your friends will envy you! Tie it on your bike—hang it in your room—use it for playing explorer or soldier! Hurry! Supply limited! Mail coupon now!

**TOOTSIE ROLLS**  
Department Q1, Hoboken, New Jersey

Yes, I need your ad for Tootsie Rolls. Rush the genuine Fox Tail to me postage paid by first mail. I have enclosed a dime.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City & State.....  
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY